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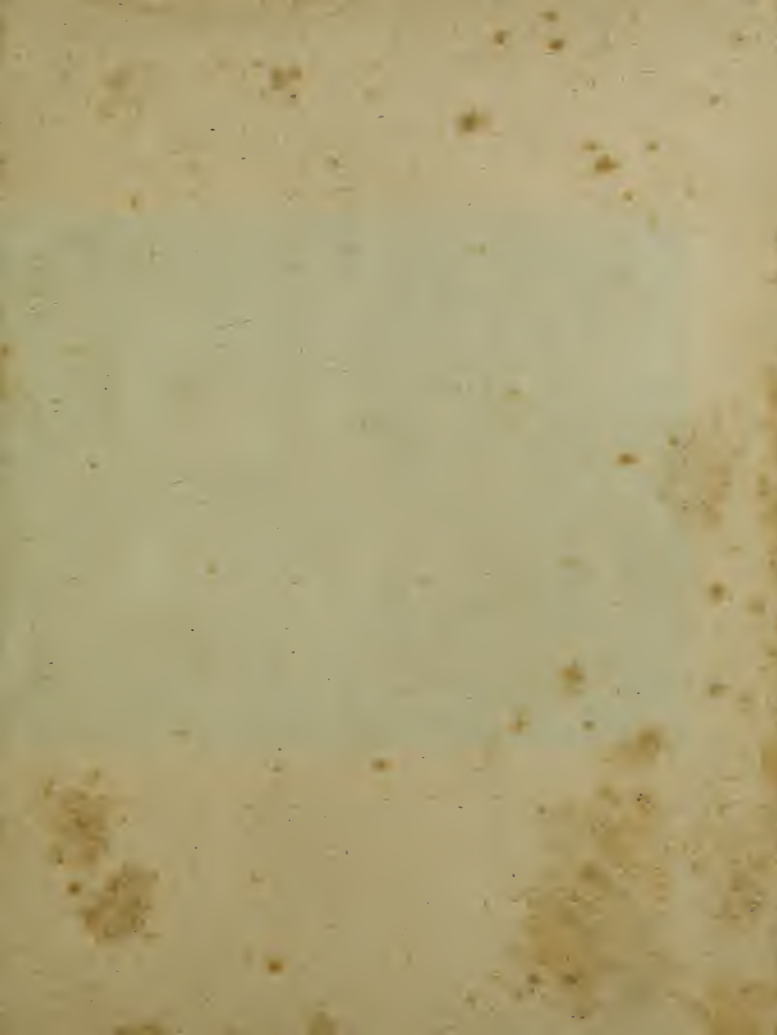


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THE ROSE-BUD WREATH.



THE
ROSE-BUD WREATH.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.



CHARLESTON.
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK & CO.

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## ERRATUM.

1st line page 114, for CHOICE OF FLOWERS read CHOICE OF HOURS.



THE  
ROSE-BUD WREATH.



THE AMERICAN BOY.

Look up, my young American,  
Stand firmly on the earth,  
Where noble deeds and mental power  
Yield titles over birth.

A hallowed land thou claim'st, my boy,  
By early struggles bought,  
Heaped up with noble memories,  
And wide,—aye, wide as thought.



On the high Alleghany's range,  
Awake thy joyous song;  
Then o'er our green savannahs stray,  
And gentler notes prolong :

Awake it 'mid the rushing peal  
Of old Niagara's voice,  
Or by our ocean-rivers stand,  
And in their strength rejoice.

What, though we boast no ancient towers,  
Where ivied streamers twine?  
The laurel lives upon our soil,  
The laurel, boy, is thine.

What, though no "*minster lifts its cross*"  
Tinged by the sunset fire?  
*Freely* religion's voices swell  
Round every village spire.

And who shall gaze on yon *blue sea*,  
If thou must turn away,

When young Columbia's stripes and stars  
Are floating in the day?

Who thunders louder when the strife  
Of gathering war is stirr'd?  
Who ranges farther when the call  
Of commerce's voice is heard?


What, though on Cressy's distant field  
Thy gaze may not be cast,  
While through long centuries of blood  
Rise spectres of the *past*?

The *future* wakes thy dreamings high,  
And thou a note may'st claim  
Aspiring, which, in after times,  
Shall swell the trump of fame.

Yet scenes *are* here for patriot thought;  
Here sleep the good and brave;  
Here kneel, my boy, and altars raise  
Above the martyr's grave.

On Moultrie's isle, on Bunker's height,  
On Monmouth's bloody line,  
On Eutaw's field, on Yorktown's bank,  
Erect thy loyal shrine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's  
shields,  
And English battles won,  
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word,  
The name of WASHINGTON.



## THE FRENCH TRAVELER.

Louisa and Cecelia Rutledge once loitered through the avenue of their father's plantation. The morning was such an one as April only knows at the South, where vegetation is almost seen to grow under one's eye. Rich white clouds, kindly gathering over the softened but not hidden sun, allowed them to gaze on the varied hues which the spring, struggling with winter, was throwing through sunshine and cloud, dew, shower, and breeze, over shrub and tree. So picturesque was nature, that the fair girls who gazed on it were only lovelier from the souls that looked through their eyes.

Yet beautiful they were, when in the energy of some sudden thought they stopped under the oaks, which, far as the eye could reach,

formed an arch of almost architectural fitness above them, whose regularity was disturbed only by the gray moss floating in garlands on the breeze ; and to an eye of love,—a mother's eye,—that watched their receding forms, as in the security of solitude they gave way to frolicksome spirits, yet unsubdued by climate or circumstances, they were indeed more fascinating than inanimate nature.

The mansion from which they were wandering was a fit residence for such fair inmates. The hand of *taste* was in every department. Wealth may heap up its luxuries, and the eye be sated and unallured, but let such an hand arrange but a flower, and it speaks a language wealth can never learn.

A branch from a rosebush was trained at each window, whose blossoms, without excluding the breeze, looked within on lips and cheeks bright as their petals. Small

vases of flowers were scattered around, several fine old pictures covered the walls, and the boast of modern art was not wanting. A guitar, that delicious-country friend, stood ready to beguile a weary or hasten a happy hour, while its hostess, the presiding genius of the scene, moved and looked like one whose aim was first a pure intercourse with Heaven, and then a study of the happiness of others.

One window of the sitting room was devoted to birds; not to caged birds, whose notes, however gay they may seem, carry to the ear of the sentimentalist those of Sterne's starling, "I can't get out." There was no imprisonment here; a little ledge projected from this window, where Cecilia spread rough rice every morning to attract the feathered visitors. There the beautiful red-bird came fearlessly, and others cautiously, and poised themselves on the stem



of a shrub that entered within the casement, and hulled the yellow rice-grains with dexterous art, or listened with inclined head and peering eyes to the soft tones of the guitar.

The sisters, Louisa and Cecilia, paused in their rambling talk beneath a tree in the avenue, attracted by the notes of a mocking-bird, which seemed pouring out its little soul in melody, and after listening awhile resumed their conversation.

“I always told you, Louisa,” said her sister, “that it would be of no use to spoil your sweet eyes with writing French, and your pure English in speaking it. With whom can you converse in French, after having twisted your mouth and ideas with the idioms for so many years? The only French beau you are likely to see, is old Cato, and his St. Domingo *patois*, has not all the purity of l’Academie Française, and

if you talk to the trees they will only make you a Parisian bow."

"I feel no regret," answered Louisa, "for the time I have bestowed on French, for I have conquered myself. I used to shrink, you well know, from the effort of conversation, and I have often felt my cheeks burn at the apprehension of a mistake; but I never learned any thing that has not been of use to me."

"Oh, you are always reasoning," said Cecilia; "you began when very young to get the start of me in the race of mind, though thanks to brother Edward's teaching and these, (putting forth her pretty feet,) I can beat you in the avenue."

So saying, she pointed to a distant tree as a goal, and off they flew like the nymphs of Diana. Cecilia had, as usual, the advantage, when with glowing cheeks and flutter-



ing hair her sister reached the appointed bound.

“I have run so fast I am weary,” said Louisa; “ah, here is Edward with the barouche.” Edward was hailed, and she took her seat beside him, leaving Cecilia to enjoy a botanical ramble. Allured by her fascinating study, she wandered some distance on the main road, and was about returning, when she heard a violent crash among the bushes, and saw a pair of horses approaching at full gallop, drawing the shattered remains of a traveling carriage, to which the driver still clung. It immediately occurred to her, that there must be sufferers by the accident, perhaps in that vicinity, and she resumed her walk in the direction from which the carriage came, until her attention was arrested by groans. A few steps brought her to a female lying in the road, whose dress indicated her to be a foreigner. Through

the agonized expression of her face, Cecilia immediately discerned the cast of refinement which distinguishes the educated and the intellectual. In her efforts to rise, her traveling turban had fallen from her head, and her long dark hair was loosened from the comb that confined it. By the difficulty of her movements, Cecilia soon comprehended that one of her limbs was fractured, and she hastened to assist her; but with an impatient motion the lady pointed to the forest, and in the French dialect seemed entreating aid for another. All that Cecilia could comprehend was, that some one was missing. She entered the woods, while the lady gazed after her with prayerful eyes. Cecilia could find no one and returned to the sufferer. The unfortunate woman burst into tears, attempted to rise, then poured forth pleadings of most impassioned and eloquent sorrow, clasping Cecilia's hand in

hers, and vainly attempting to make her comprehend the cause of her agony.

What would Cecilia have given at this moment for the knowledge of the language she had despised? With tearful eyes she attempted to tell the stranger that she was going for assistance. A thousand emotions distracted her;—to leave the unhappy lady seemed the only alternative, and she turned toward the avenue.

The agony of the traveler amounted to phrenzy at seeing this, and uttering every expression of entreaty of which the French language is susceptible, she still pointed to the opposite woods. Cecilia almost flew towards the house, not daring to look back, and at every turn of the avenue, the wild entreaties of the traveler burst on her ear, and rent her heart. On reaching the house she found the barouche at the door, and as well as her agitation would permit, related

the accident. Her brother and sister sprang into the carriage with her, and Edward drove at full speed.

“Oh Louisa,” said Cecilia, the tears streaming from her eyes, “had I understood her language I might have saved this unfortunate lady; now perhaps we may be too late.”

When they reached the sufferer, she had fainted, and her face, on which the lines of distress were still visible, was pale as marble. Edward took her gently in his arms, and lifted her to the barouche. She was roused by her pain, and struggled to disengage herself.

“Do not take me away,” she cried in French, “Eugene is in the forest; I will die with him.”

Louisa took her hand, and in a low voice said to her in the same language:—

“Dear Madam, what distresses you? We are friends.”

A smile of hope illuminated the face of the stranger at these familiar accents.

"Thank God," she exclaimed, pressing Louisa's hand to her heart, "you will find my child. Our horses were terrified by a deer crossing the road,—the carriage was upset, and Eugene and I thrown at some distance from each other. I was so much injured as to be incapable of raising myself. I called to him, he turned, smiling roguishly, but went farther. I saw his little feet tottering through the bushes, until he disappeared."

Louisa translated her words to Cecilia, who darted, quick as thought, to the wood, while the lady was conveyed home, soothed by Louisa's gentle and familiar language.

Cecilia entered the forest with a beating heart, and was nearly discouraged, when after searching fruitlessly for some time, she saw white garments by the road side.



She approached, but almost started at the sweet apparition. A beautiful child slept there; one hand was thrown up amid his clustering hair, and the other was gently moved by the motion of his beating breast, while near him, a coiled snake, seemed preparing for a spring.

Though almost breathless with terror, Cecilia preserved her self-command. She seized a dry branch, and thrashing the neighboring bushes, alarmed the reptile, which rapidly glided away. The noise awoke the child; he raised his head and brushing the curls from his dark eyes called,

“Maman, chere maman!”

Cecilia softly advanced towards him. He moved his little lip in grief at the countenance of a stranger.

“Do not be afraid of me,” said Cecilia, “I will carry you to your mamma.”

The child gazed at her with increasing alarm, and hiding his face, began to weep bitterly. Cecilia perplexed and agitated wept too, as the boy pushed her from him.

Louisa having committed the stranger to her mother's care, returned with Edward in the barouche, to assist in the discovery of the child. Her sister called them as she heard the approaching wheels, and they were soon at her side. The boy still hiding his face against a tree, refused to move. Louisa whispered to him,—the child sprang to her arms with a laugh of joy.

During the slow recovery of the invalid, while Cecilia sat in silence ready to perform the kind offices which require no words, the stranger rewarded her with a languid smile; but when Louisa, though even sometimes inaccurately, spoke to her in her native tongue, her eyes were lit up with joy and sympathy.



THE FRENCH TRAVELER, Page 23.





"What book is that you are studying so intently?" said Louisa one day to her sister.

"A new phrase book," replied Cecilia, blushing, "I am determined to get one of those real smiles that *Madame* bestows on you;" and turning to Eugene she said, "*Baissez moi mon petit.*" The French boy did not wait a second bidding, he caught her round the neck and imprinted a hearty kiss on the lips of the smiling American.



## WISHES.

## ANNA.

I wish I was a small bird,  
Among the leaves to dwell,  
To scale the sky in gladness  
Or seek the lonely dell.  
My matin song should wake amid  
The chorus of the earth,  
And my vesper hymn ring gladly  
The trill of careless mirth.

## ELLEN.

I wish I was a floweret  
To blossom in the grove,  
I'd spread my opening leaflets  
Among the plants I love.  
No hand would roughly cull me  
As I looked up to the sky,

I silently should ope to life,  
And quietly should die.

## MARY.

I wish I was a gold-fish  
To seek the sunny wave,  
To part the gentle ripple,  
And amid its coolness lave.  
I would glide alone delighted  
Amid the coral way,  
And when night came on in softness  
Beneath the star-beam play.

## MOTHER.

Hush, hush, romantic prattlers,  
You know not what you say,  
When *soul*, the crown of mortals,  
You would lightly throw away.  
What is the songster's warble,  
Or the floweret's blush refin'd,  
To the noble thought of *Deity*  
Within your opening mind?

## THE MASKS.

Lucilla Armory, in her sixteenth year, was a lovely looking creature, flushed with youth and beauty, just between the woman and the child. All hearts were taken by her at a glance, she was so frank, witty and sparkling. She led the enjoyments of the young, and enlivened the gravity of the old,—was the prime leader of games, and could guess conundrums like a sybil; was apt at every thing,—sang the last new songs, chattered phrases at French stores, was admired, sought, and yet, alas! dreaded, for Lucilla was a *liar*! I know it is a hard word to digest, but call it by what name you will, whether white lying or black lying,—disguise it in the ‘*not at home*’ of the busy housewife or lounging novel reader, cover it up with all the

shades that Mrs. Opie can devise, still, like her, we feel that lying is lying.

Lucilla's mother had imbibed loose notions on this subject. If her daughter's wit set a circle in a roar of laughter, or her prettiness fascinated them, it was enough for her.— Sometimes the idea of her want of veracity startled her, but she comforted herself by saying, "Oh, Lucilla is so young! what can be expected of a girl of fifteen!"

Lucilla was always in extremes. It was either the coldest or the warmest day she ever felt in her whole life; a party was delightful or it was horrible; a young gentleman was either exquisitely charming or a stupid thing; a young lady was a beauty or a fright.

This spirit of exaggeration, as it is apt to do with females, extended to numbers. Every thing increased on her lips like

Fallstaff's sixteen men in buckram; tens were hundreds, and hundreds thousands.

Helen Mortimer called on her one day.

"Why were you not at the Bancroft's party last night?" said Lucilla.

"I was not invited," replied Helen.

"Oh, what a pity," said Lucilla, "we had a divine evening. I danced every time, and was invited six sets beforehand."

"Indeed!" said Helen, "I understood there was but one set danced on account of the heat of the evening."

"Good Heavens! Helen," said Lucilla, "there were at least half a dozen. I wish you had been there to have seen Miss Triptoe from New York. You know how vulgar it is to take steps; well, this belle cut such capers and leaped so high, that I bowed and nodded to Miss Dwindle under her petticoats while she was up in the air."



Helen cried out, "Oh, Lucilla!"

"It is a fact," said Lucilla, "you may ask any of the girls. Oh, by the way, have you seen Mary Donald's comb? It beats the South American ladies out and out. I declare to gracious, it is as high as Grandmother's mahogany backed chair that was made before the old war. Don't shake your head, Helen. It was so high. (measuring from the floor with her hand.) They say Mary Donald's mother calls her servants together and flogs them every morning before breakfast, to keep them in order."

Helen colored deeply, "Mrs. Donald is a relation of ours, Lucilla," said she, "and we think her a most estimable woman. It is true that she assembles her servants every morning, but it is to give them an opportunity of attending family worship."



“Good powers!” exclaimed Lucilla, who would have thought that you were related! It must have been Mrs. ——”

“Stop,” said Helen, “I will not listen to any more calumny. You know that you are slandering, and that such remarks often fix a stain on an individual which only time can wipe away.”

Lucilla trotted her foot in some excitement, and took her turn to blush. As Helen rose to go, she asked if she had seen her bell-ropes.

“No, they are beautiful indeed,” said Helen; “how ingeniously you have shaded them.”

“I am glad you like them,” said Lucilla, “see how my finger is marked with the needle.”

At that moment her mother entered. “What, Miss Helen,” said she, “admiring my worsted work? I tried to persuade

this lazy child to help me, but she would not."

Helen immediately took her leave.

Lucilla was passing her last quarter at a school, and her fine mind was rapidly opening under all the advantages of education. By some unwarrantable calumny, she had caused the disgrace of a school-mate, and the indignation of her class was so great she was glad to return home. Towards twilight, her parents were absent, and as it was a sultry evening, she seated herself in the piazza.

Absorbed in a kind of reverie, she was startled by the tread of many feet, and lifting her eyes she saw a procession of figures slowly enter the porch and arrange themselves against the balustrade, with their faces towards her. A strange and horrible variety appeared in their countenances. Some looked dark and sullen, others distorted and

malicious; some turned half aside with a glance of triumph, and others leered with gestures of disgusting familiarity. The line extended to the extremity of the building, gradually softening from ferocity to beauty, and, as her eyes recoiling from the nearer, bent to the most distant objects, distinguished a majestic form holding a torch, whose clear beautiful eyes seemed to penetrate her thoughts.

A restless silence pervaded her followers, while the figure with the torch approaching Lucilla with a firm and measured tread, addressed her thus,—

“I am Truth. Alas, that I should be a stranger to one so young and fair. These are my attendants, and though forbidding in aspect they perform my will. All the shades of falsehood are represented on these faces, from the first exaggerated word to the crime of slander. They will follow you

unseen ; for slight offences the least deformed will become visible, but should you injure any one, expect to see their avenging eyes peering into yours in the domestic circle and the sparkling ball-room."

As she said these words, some of the vilest faces turned eagerly towards her as if already claiming her as their own.

"Before we part," said Truth, "let me warn you that your very exclamations are deceitful. Whom do you address when you say 'My Heavens! Great goodness! Good gracious?' Do you invoke the Deity? You shudder and say no. Beware then, how you take his name in vain, for such language belongs only to him."

"Lucilla," continued she, "these are masks, which terrify you. When you conform to Truth you will know her followers and see them as you do me."

Lucilla looked eagerly at her. Resplendent indeed was Truth. Her torch, whose clear and steady beam was colored with variegated rays, threw a glory over her form, and seemed to light the way through her serene eyes to her very soul. A veil was thrown over her graceful limbs, revealing with modesty their fine proportions. Not an ornament was on her person, but there she stood glorious in simple beauty.

“Authority, with grace  
Of awfulness, was in her face.”

Intently gazing on Lucilla she remained awhile silent, then turning to the fantastic procession she said,—

“Ye know my signals. Calumnia, I wave my torch thrice and again for thee; Deceptia, thrice for thee; Exaggeratia, twice for thee; Flatterania, one flash for thee; disappear.”

A momentary rush was heard, and Lucilla sat alone.

Lucilla retired to rest that night with a disturbed conscience ; there was a dread at her heart that made her cling to her young sister, who slept with her, for companionship.

“I will be very careful of my words and conduct,” thought she, but she did not pray, nor look to the “Rock of ages” for aid.

She slept, and forgot her resolutions ; forgot the God who never sleeps. The sun rose bright and lovely, but no beam of thankfulness dwelt in her heart ; her form moved in strength and beauty, but no gratitude breathed from her lips. Sleep was to her like night on a flower ; it tinged her cheek and enlivened her eye, but nothing more. Oh how dreadful is the sleep of the soul ! The bird may spring aloft with



its matin song, thoughtless of its powers; the leaf may lay open to the sun unconscious who colors it with emerald beauty; the stream may glide in soft meanderings, ignorant of Him who bids it rise in the mountains and rush to the sea; but shall they whose young *minds* are fresh from the Creator, whose first leaf of sin is almost unwritten, whose souls are capable of celestial sympathy,—shall *they* rise from sleep untouched by the thought of a protecting Deity?

Lucilla repaired as usual to the academy, and by her application gained the praise of her teachers. When the young ladies retired at the customary hour of recess, she was attracted by a bead bag which one of her school-mates was embroidering. It was a libel on taste; the sheep were as tall as the men, a water-fall stood as still as if the earth's attraction was suspended, and a



shepherdess held something which might have been called a hominy stick as well as a crook.

“My dear Sarah,” said Lucilla, “what a pretty idea! where did you get that pattern? Do draw it for me. I declare I shall not rest until—”

Before she could conclude her sentence a flash of light startled her, and on recovering from the glare she saw the face of Flatterania over Sarah’s shoulder. Her head was fantastically ornamented with feathers. She held a fan, with a simper, to her lips, and nodded and beckoned to Lucilla with an air of familiarity.

Lucilla felt faint at this recognition, and suddenly returning to her desk pursued her studies in silence.

Lucilla was entertaining her friends one afternoon with an account of her father’s sumptuous style of living.

"We always have three courses, and invariably ice cream," said she, and busily talking perceived not two flashes of light that played through the apartment. "What allowance of spending money do you have Araballa?" continued she, to one of the girls.

"Twelve and a half cents a week," was the answer.

"Mercy! how little," said Lucilla, "my father gives me a dollar."

Two soft flashes of light crossed her eyes and revealed a figure which she knew to be Exaggeratia. She held in her hand a magnifying glass, and as she glided with rapid steps past Lucilla, the frightened girl saw her own features enlarged to an immense size. She was hushed in a moment and the figure disappeared.

A few days passed without a visit from her visionary rebukers, until one evening

Lucilla was desirous of wearing a ribbon-belt to a party, to which her mother had objected. She dressed herself according to her mother's wishes, but after bidding her good-bye, ran up stairs softly to her drawer, and taking the forbidden belt, hastily fastened it around her waist. Three flashes of light illuminated the room and a female figure appeared, in whose countenance two faces seemed joined together.

The two mouths spoke together, "Deceptia, Miss, at your service. Have you any commands?"

Lucilla threw down the belt in terror, and wore the sash directed by her mother.

Several articles had from time to time been missed from Mr. Armory's premises, and suspicion fell on the house servant, Amos, who was familiar with the establishment.

The apprehensions of the family were again excited by the loss of some silver spoons.

Lucilla's lively imagination fixed at once on Amos as the thief, and from talking about it unhesitatingly, she began to believe that it was actually the case. Her assertions were so positive, that Amos was regarded with distrust and aversion. Her father questioned her on the subject and said seriously,

"Lucilla have you reason to believe that Amos is a thief?"

"Certainly, sir. Do you not remember the umbrella, the walking stick?" and she went on enumerating other abstracted articles.

"But that is not to the point, my dear," said he; "have you ever *seen* Amos take what does not belong to him?"

Oh, why did not Calumnia appear at this fatal moment?

Lucilla hesitated, but her foolish and wicked love of excitement was too strong, and she replied,

“Yes, father, very often; but I did not like to tell you about it.”

Amos was instantly summoned and committed to the work house.

Lucilla had not calculated on this, for her feelings were tender and she could not bear to have any one suffer.

She burst into tears and plead for the release of Amos with all the eloquence in her power. She even suggested the idea of his innocence; but Mr. Armory, knowing her habit of prevarication, thought she spoke only from impulse, and would not heed her.

The grandmother of Amos had been a nurse in the family of Mr. Armory for many years, until her intellect became disordered in her old age; but though her usefulness was gone, the strong ties of child's nurse united her to the family. The affectionate name of *maumer* still arrested her attention when other objects were slighted.

Maum Hagar was nearly seventy years old ; tall, erect, with eyes full of that strange light that beams out from a disordered intellect, like phosphorescence from animal decay. Sometimes she closed the shutters of her apartment and addressed "the spirits" through small crevices where the light entered. Sometimes she sat for hours on a bench in the sun, with her hands clasped, reeling to and fro, singing psalms. But maum Hagar's delight was her church. A nice wrapper, a white handkerchief crossed over her bosom, an apron pinned on without injuring one of its starched folds, with a check turban carefully tied over her gray hairs, formed her Sunday toilet. Slighting the seats in the gallery, her favorite one was in the porch of the broad aisle, where, sitting a little forward on a bench in the rear of the first pew, she could see the preacher. When a hymn was commenced, she rose, clasped her



hands, and inclined her body forward; at the end of every verse she courtesied, bending lower and lower, until the close. Sometimes, particularly at the dismissal hymn, she advanced with a measured step up the aisle, gently waving her clasped hands, and courtesying, until led back by an observing friend.

Lucilla was a favorite of maum Hagar's, and possessed more control over her than any other person. For some days after being informed of her grandson's disgrace, her passions were unusually roused, and Lucilla was sent for to soothe her. The wretched girl herself needed consolation, for conscience began to be busy. She went, however, to Hagar's room, and found her in the attitude of listening.

"Hush!" said she, "don't you hear them lashing my boy?" Then counting on her fingers, "one, two, three, four."

Lucilla wept bitterly.



"Are you so sorry," said Hagar, "for a thief? Amos an't sorry for the old woman's gray hairs;" and, pushing aside her cap, she showed the crisp white curls that edged her forehead.

At this moment Amos entered, after his punishment. He threw himself on a bench, with his head on his knees, and groaned bitterly.

"Thief! thief!" screamed the old woman.

"I swear to heaven I'm not a thief, grandma," said the poor fellow.

A servant suddenly rushed in and informed them that the real culprit had been discovered, and that Amos was innocent.

A wild scream of joy burst from Hagar at this intelligence, and aiming to spring towards her grandson with extended arms, she fell. The chords of life were broken,—old Hagar was dead.

## KEEPING THE SABBATH HOLY.

## MARIA AND HER MOTHER.

MARIA.—Mamma, why do you make me keep so quiet on Sundays? I can neither have my amusements at home, nor go any where to play with my acquaintances. Papa requires me to read the chapter that the minister preaches from morning and afternoon, and as if that were not enough, I have to go to Sunday School.

I cannot see why I should be confined in this way, and why I am not permitted to be as happy as some children I know, who are not bothered about reading chapters, reciting hymns, going to Sunday School, and such things.

MOTHER.—I am sorry, my daughter, that you think us unreasonable, but I wish you to listen attentively to my answer to your complaints.

The first and strongest reason why you should keep the Sabbath day holy, and different from other days is, *because God has required it*. Suppose a great king, living many miles off, were to send you every week a beautiful present of toys, which should delight and amuse you, and at the same time say to you, you may play with these toys every day in the week but *one*, and the reason is this, if you are *every* day occupied with them, you will either become weary and not enjoy them, or if you are interested all the time in them, you will think so much of your toys as to forget me, the giver.

Do you think that princely friend would ask too much, when he requested you to

lay aside the toys for one day in seven? God gives *you* every thing which you enjoy. He is your *unseen* friend. Will you not devote one day to Him?

The second reason why your parents try to fill your mind with serious, but not sad, occupations, on the Sabbath is, that you may gain *religious habits*. You will know how to worship God. And suppose you die in youth; how happy will you be that you have not been a stranger to Him. You may live, though, my dear child, to be older than your parents now are, and I cannot describe to you what serenity and peace an acquaintance with God gives.

My own mother suffered many months from a disease that confined her to her bed. In the depth of the night I have often heard a sweet strain of music rising from her lonely chamber. When I went to enquire into her wants, I perceived that she

was singing the hymns she had learned in childhood, and she said they comforted her heart. I have listened to many songs which the world call great, but never heard any so sweet and touching as those midnight hymns. And well do I remember, how your sister Louisa sat by her grandmother's bedside. Leaving her plays and toys to sooth the sufferer, she sang in lisping words, learnt in her Sabbath lessons,

“Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard your bed;” &c.

While she sang, the invalid would stop her low moaning, while her thin fingers kept time on the coverlid, and thus fall asleep.

Endeavor then, my dear child, cheerfully to attend to your Sabbath exercises, for you too may comfort a dying friend, or sooth your own bed of pain.

## CALL TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

Wake, sister, wake, 'tis a holy day,  
We must not linger here;  
The birds are up and have soared away,  
And are singing their anthems clear.

Young flowers have open'd their lovely eyes,  
And their rich perfume have given;  
And they fix their looks on the distant skies,  
As if they knew something of Heaven.

We will go the house of praise and prayer,  
The altar of youthful love;  
And Jesus in spirit will meet us there,  
And bear our off'ring above.

Then wake, sister, wake, 'tis a happy day;  
Perchance from his blessed throng,  
Some youthful seraph has wing'd his way,  
To join in our Sabbath song.



## TINYTELLA.

## A FAIRY TALE.

Alice Somers, the daughter of a Carolinian, was an interesting girl, beloved by watchful and affectionate parents. She was perfectly obedient and very useful. No one was more just than Alice in distributing from the store-room, or more adroit in the mysteries of the pantry. The servants knew they could gain nothing by coaxing, though their young mistress was ready to aid and advise them of her own free will. Already, with ingenuity beyond her years, she could cut clothes for her dolls, and her needle was a welcome sight among her young acquaintance. She had but one fault; that, alas! was a great one. She could not look



cheerful unless she had her own way. It is true she performed her duties faithfully; but her bright eyes were often clouded, and not a smile hovered on her lips.

One day, when Alice was gaily talking over a plate of nuts, her mother requested her assistance in sewing. She of course complied, but a frown gathered on her brow. She took her work in one corner of the room, and commenced sewing as if life depended on every stitch. Mrs. Somers began to converse, Alice was silent; she related a laughable anecdote, not a smile illuminated her daughter's countenance; she asked her questions, monosyllables were the only reply. Tired of this uncivil intercourse, Mrs. Somers withdrew to another apartment. Alice sewed on with a face elongated beyond all prettiness; in other words, she was *sulky*.

Sitting in this uncomfortable state of mind, she felt gradually a singular sensation on her

chin, and on passing her hand over it, it appeared longer than usual. She resumed her work, trying to look unhappy, but her chin attracted her attention, for it was certainly lengthening. She dropped her work, and felt it with both hands, it pushed itself between them; she tried to rise, it was impossible; she attempted to call her mother, her voice seemed chained; her chin increased every moment, until at length she *saw* it. What a moment of horror, a horror increased by the idea that this was a punishment for ill-nature! In dreadful alarm and perplexity she gazed wildly around.

Suddenly she heard a soft fluttering, with delicate tinklings like musical wings, and, gliding on a sunbeam, appeared a minute female figure, which floated before her. Her form was chaste and symmetrical as the column of a sea-shell, her drapery was woven from humming-birds' plumage, and

dazzled the eyes of Alice, until they rested on her tiny face, fair as a clematis's blossom peeping from its robe of green. At every motion of her wings, a thousand little bells, musically tuned, rang out a sweet melody, while her feet, white and noiseless as the falling petal of a bay-flower, kept time in graceful transitions to their soft harmony.

The music ceased, and a voice still sweeter, though piercing as the cicada at summer's noon, addressed poor Alice.

"I am Tinytella," it said, "the friend of youth. I know your misfortune and its cause. There is but one cure,—the feeling and smile of *good-humor*."

Her bright blue eyes looked full in Alice's face, her little mouth dimpling like the water in a rose vase when it receives flowers. Alice *smiled*. Instantly the frightful deformity disappeared, and she heard the bells of Tinytella tinkling on the distant air.

## NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.

Oh ! where is my hat—it is taken away,  
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot !  
I can't find a thing where it should be to day,  
Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil no where can be  
found,  
Though I placed them as safe as can be ;  
While my books and my maps are all scattered around,  
And hop about just like a flee.

Do, Rachel, just look for my atlas up stairs,  
My Æsop is somewhere there too ;  
And sister, just brush down these troublesome  
hairs,  
And mother just fasten my shoe.

And sister, beg father to write an excuse,  
But stop, he will only say "no ;"  
And go on with a smile and keep reading  
the news,  
While every thing bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall,  
This old pop-gun is breaking my map ;  
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun  
or ball,  
There's no playing for such a poor chap.

The town clock will strike in a minute, I  
fear,  
Then away to the foot I must sink ;  
There—look at my Carpenter tumbled down  
here,  
And my Worcester covered with ink.

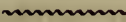
I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,  
Though the toast and the butter were fine ;

I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,  
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Harry protest they won't  
wait,

And beat on the door with their sticks;  
I suppose they will say *I was dressing too  
late*;

To morrow, *I'll be up at six.*



## THE PLANTER'S SON.

If we do not control our language, we shall not control our conduct.

"Where is that rascal with my horse?" said William Ashley to his brother Henry, as they were preparing to ride.

"Him de comin, Mass Billy," answered a negro boy, leading along the animal, and grinning as if a compliment had been paid him.

"So, there now," said William, "clear yourself, and if you are not standing here ready when I return, I'll have your ears cut as clean as a Coudre's back, you dog."

The lads mounted on their saddles, and Jim, with a most unawed shout, sprang off on two hands and one foot, the other



kicked up behind in the air, and cutting a somerset in the avenue, disappeared.

Mr. Ashley was reading at the window, concealed by a Cherokee rose vine from his son's view, when this dialogue took place.

"William, William," he exclaimed, "where did you learn such ungentlemanly language?"

William did not reply, but played a tattoo on the horse's ribs with his heel.

"Go, my boy," said his father, "take your ride; but remember, that some regard is due to all God's creatures; and that if you do not control your language, you will not control your conduct."

William and Henry rode off slowly. "Jim does not mind my jokes," said he, carelessly.

William Ashley was a well educated boy, and possessed a fine disposition, though slightly injured by the early exercise of authority. His manners with his equals

were graceful and refined; and many a mother who had been led from her drawing-room to the carriage by the manly youth, had praised his grace and gallantry. Full of active happiness, he was a decided favorite on the plantation. In the school holidays his jacket pockets were stuffed with twine, pipes, and gingerbread for the young negroes, and he was sure to be at his mother's elbow in the store-room, to dispense tobacco, fish, &c., to the old. They, in turn, gave him eggs, sweet potatoes, and chinquapens.

William soon forgot his little offence in the charms of his ride. Not lonely to the lads was the deep and solemn sound of the waving forest; they had known the trees from infancy, they were their birth-right; they fancied they almost knew the birds, as from season to season, in each school recess, they poured out for them their lovely songs.

It was the afternoon of a balmy spring; as the laborers were sauntering homewards from their finished tasks, they gave the passing benediction to the boys which has so much of patriarchal simplicity among the elders. Arriving at home, they found Jim seated in the piazza, braiding a straw basket to sell to his mistress, and singing,

“You say bro’ rabbit ben dere,”

for a group of little children, who were playing, half dressed, on the lawn below.

“Come here, Jim,” said William, “take my horse to Sam.”

Jim either did not or affected not to hear.

“Jim, I say,” roared out William, “take the horse to the stable.”

Jim kept at his work, grumbling, “He no finish em dis week, if he no been do ’em now.”

William's little stock of patience was exhausted; his face became flushed with passion. He advanced towards Jim with the end of the whip handle raised, and shook it furiously. Henry sprang forward to check his brother, but before he could speak, he received a blow from the whip on his temple, and fell on the piazza insensible, the blood streaming from the wound.

William screamed with terror, and threw himself beside his fainting brother; as he gazed on the deadly paleness that was spread over his fine features, he longed for one glance from those blue eyes that always beamed with affection for him; he raised the hand that was wont to join him in his youthful sports, and it fell heavily by his side.

"Look up, look up my brother," he cried, in deep anguish, "or my heart will break. I did not mean to hurt you or any body.

I wanted to frighten Jim. Have mercy, Heaven! What can I do for my brother?"

At this moment, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley appeared. They raised Henry from the floor, and bore him to a sofa; he was still senseless. William knelt down beside him, or walked about the room in despair.

"Mother, I have killed him," he cried, wringing his hands; "oh that I could lie down in the grave and die for him."

Mr. Ashley, with sadness but composure, opened a vein in Henry's arm, while his mother administered other restoratives. It was long before he recovered. At length he opened his eyes languidly, and held out his hand to his brother, who stood sobbing beside him like an infant.

"He lives, he lives!" exclaimed William. "God forgive me for my wickedness." He threw his arms around Henry, and a reso-



THE PLANTER'S SON.





lution never again to yield to his temper, went up with a prayer from his youthful heart.

Jim was sadly perplexed. He stood balancing himself first on one foot, then on the other, with his eyes as large as saucers, twirling his basket. At length, with a shuffling step until he reached William, he said, in a low voice,

“Nudder time me gwine to fetch Mass Billy horse.”

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## THE YOUNGEST ONE.


I saw a mother with her child,  
And each with each appeared beguil'd ;  
So tenderly they spake and smil'd,  
I knew it was her youngest one.

She lean'd upon her mother's knee,  
With look half tender and half free,  
And oh, by that sweet liberty,  
I knew it was her youngest one.

A whisper came with love o'er fraught,  
Soon was returned the whisper'd thought,  
As though in this wide world were nought  
But she, and her dear youngest one.

“Mother,” she said, “you must not go,  
And leave your little girl, you know,  
Because no other loves you so,  
Like me, your darling youngest one.”

I heard a promise and a kiss,  
I saw a smile of trusting bliss,  
Oh, naught can sever, after this,  
The mother and her youngest one.



## THE FLIGHT OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

I was never disturbed in my calm retreat upon a green leaf, until one evening a little boy carried me away. I thought at first he intended to destroy me, but I soon perceived that he did not. The only thing I could boast of was a handsome coat, for people say that we worms are not always mild tempered. The boy mounted a curious looking animal. I felt every moment as if I should fall, but luckily for myself I did not. As soon as he got home he showed me to his sister, who had collected several of my species. I was carried into a small room with a window in it, and placed in a box half filled with leaves; they then left me. I did not try to escape, as I thought

I should be well taken care of. The next morning I had fresh leaves given me, and heard my little master and mistress talking about me. There were a great many other worms, but of much inferior rank to myself, and I soon found I was in the hands of young naturalists, of whom I had often heard my elder brothers speak.

I felt that I was near my chrysalis state, and that I must suspend myself in the air by silken threads. My master came to see me, and brought with him another young person; they appeared delighted to observe that I had suspended myself, and said they wished to see me change my skin, but being wearied with waiting, left me. They soon returned and were surprised to find me a chrysalis, and I heard their exclamations, as my new colors appeared. My mistress pinched me gently, to be convinced that I was alive, but I was wise enough not



to stir, and suppressed my feelings. One August morning I burst the case that enveloped me, and appeared in all the gay colors of the butterfly. I must confess that I viewed myself with great complacency. I was at liberty to soar round the small room for an hour, and at the end of that time saw my mistress come up stairs with some coarse gauze under her arm. She put me between two shelves, and nailed the gauze over them, so that I could not escape. She then brought in another butterfly, who, though not as handsome as myself, I condescended to welcome with courteous dignity.

While we were discoursing on the fleeting nature of butterfly life, we saw a butterfly elopement. My mistress, after confining us, had raised the window-sash to purify the air, and gone below. Suddenly we heard a sound, which only ourselves could have

detected, on either side of the room. It came to us, however, like the crack of a pistol; peeping through the gauze we saw a butterfly rise up, one on our right, and another on our left, and leave their dark shell behind. At first they fluttered, then ascended feebly, then gaining strength as the breeze blew on them, mounted to the middle of the apartment. Here they seemed to hold a momentary consultation, and then darting through the window together, disappeared.

But my strength is failing. I faint—I die.



## MORNING HYMN.

This is earth's waking hour,  
And beautiful to see;  
The sun beams out with glorious power,  
And kindling majesty.

Oh, what have I to do  
With slothful visions now?  
Let me my early prayers renew  
With bright and happy brow.

For God has bless'd my night,  
And nerved my youthful frame,  
And I will seek him with delight  
Through Jesus' blessed name.

## HOMESICKNESS.

The morning sun shines brightly,  
But it shineth not for me;  
The breeze is blowing lightly,  
But my spirit is not free.

There's many a hand to meet me,  
But mine is sadly given;  
I thank the friends who greet me,  
But my heart is chill'd and riven.

My former home was lowly,  
And this is rich and rare,  
But to me 'tis melancholy,  
And that was bright and fair.

I know here is much smiling,  
And graceful, easy mirth,

And ways of kind beguiling,  
And words of gentle birth;

And I try to check my sadness,  
And look as bright as they,  
And call a fitful gladness  
To wile the long, long day.

I sometimes think 'twould cheer me  
To taste one little draught  
Of the streamlet that ran near me,  
Which in infancy I quaffed.

If I could but see my mother,  
And press her cheek to mine,  
Or take my darling brother,  
His flaxen hair to twine.

If e'en my loving dog were here  
To eat from out my hand,  
I think I should not shed a tear  
Amid this stranger-band.

## THE WAGON BOY.

One clear wintry Saturday, Richard Edwards accompanied his father on a hunting excursion. They were unsuccessful, but comforted themselves with the jokes which good natured sportsmen make on each other, when they return from the chase empty handed. They were a mile from any habitation, and had taken a short cut through the woods, when Richard called—

“Stop, father ; I hear sounds of distress.”

Mr. Edwards reined in his horse and listened.

“I perceive nothing,” said he, “but the forest birds that gather at night-fall. But hark ! so, Fido, down boy,” continued he to a hound which was leaping up at his side.



A wild but childlike sob of agony burst distinctly on their ears.

“We must look into this, Richard,” said his father, and starting in the direction of the sound, he was followed by his son.

As they rode over the uncleared space, they heard at intervals the same cry, and they were soon near enough to perceive the object of their search. In one of the *turn-outs* made through the woods by wagoners, they perceived a country team, and near it, extended on the sand, lay a man with the cold stern countenance of death, while a youth of fifteen, kneeling on one side with his head resting on the silent breast, sobbed as if his heart would break, and a dog looked wistfully, as if he knew the helplessness of his master and the anguish of the boy.

At the sound of footsteps, the youth sprang up.—



THE WAGON BOY,

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“Sir,” he cried, “can you save my father? Save him, save him!”

Mr. Edwards alighted from his horse and approached the body. It had all the marks of death,—the cold and shrunk countenance, the appalling repose of mortality bereft of soul. The eyes of the youth brightened with eager hope as Mr. Edwards felt the pulse and breast of the deceased. There was no answering sympathy in his look; he shook his head mournfully and said, “My poor fellow!”

The wagon boy threw himself on the body of his father, and gave that cry of deep and wailing sorrow, that God allows to the crowded heart to keep it from breaking. The cold wind swept by with a wintry gust, and seemed faintly to echo his subsiding moan. Richard took his hand.

“We will try to comfort you, my poor lad,” said he. “Father, shall he go home with us?”

"What leave *him*?" said the wagon boy, clinging to his father, while a deep shuddering shook his frame.

"No," said Mr. Edwards gently, "you shall not leave him; but would it not relieve your mind to see him laid in a decent grave?"

Mr. Edwards had touched a string that finds an answering cord in every heart. The wagon boy silently rose, passed his arm across his eyes, from which the large tears still rolled, and assisted by Mr. Edwards placed the body on the wagon. The sad procession moved along, and reached the ferry boat in time to pass to town.

Mr. Edwards was rich and generous. He clothed the wagon boy in appropriate garments the following day, and walked with Richard as mourner to the grave. The faithful dog mutely followed, and when the wagon boy returned from the mournful ceremony, he laid himself down by the side of the

poor brute, and throwing his arms around the animal, hid his swollen eyes upon his neck, as if he only could understand his feelings.

For many days they tried to comfort him in vain, for religious emotions were new to him; but when Mr. Edwards explained to him the resurrection and the life, and Richard read to him those sublime and touching portions of scripture which tell us that afflictions are not of the dust, and that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, the wagon boy was comforted. He returned to his home sad but resigned, and Richard too was taught a reliance on Providence, that was often renewed when he rode by the spot where the cry of the wagon boy first pierced his ear.





## EVENING HYMN.

'Tis evening, and the skies  
With starry lights are spread;  
How very fair the moonbeams rise,  
And silver radiance shed.

I will retire to rest,  
'Neath Heaven's o'er-arching sky,  
And feel my nightly visions blest,  
For God is watching by.

And if the wing of death  
Should sweep o'er my repose,  
Resign'd, I'll yield to Him my breath,  
And rise as Jesus rose.

## CHOICE OF COUNTRIES.

## FATHER.

I would cross the wide Atlantic,  
And the cliffs of England hail,  
For there my country's fathers  
First set their western sail.  
I would view its domes and palaces,  
And tread each learned hall,  
And on the soil where Newton trod  
My foot should proudly fall.  
I would gaze upon its landscapes,  
The dell and sunny glade,  
And tread with awe the cloister'd aisle  
Where Addison is laid.

## LOUISA.

I would seek the Indian Ocean,  
Where the sea-shell loves to grow,

Where the tints upon its bosom  
In gorgeous beauty glow.  
I would chase the parting billow  
For treasures new and rare,  
And with wreaths of blushing coral  
Entwine my waving hair.

## CAROLINE.

I would be a ship's commander,  
And find the northern pole,  
While o'er untraveled oceans  
My vent'rous bark should roll.  
Or I'd seek untrodden islands,  
Amid Antarctic seas,  
And the standard of my country  
Plant first before the breeze.

## ELIZA.

Oh, give me Carolina,  
My dear, my native home!

From her fair and sheltering borders  
I ask not e'er to roam.  
My schoolmates here are playing,  
My parents dear I see ;  
Oh, give me Carolina,  
She is fair enough for me !

## ANNA.

I do not know where England is,  
Nor any other place,  
But I love to frolic with my puss,  
And see her wash her face.  
I'll keep close by my baby-house,  
And be very good all day,  
If one I love will dress my dolls  
And let me have my way.

## MOTHER.

The whole broad earth is beautiful,  
To minds attuned aright,

And wheresoe'er my feet have turn'd,  
A smile has met my sight.  
The city, with its bustling walk,  
Its splendor, wealth, and power,—  
A ramble by the river side,—  
A passing summer flower ;  
The meadow green, the ocean's swell,  
The forest waving free,  
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones  
Of kindness to me.  
And oh, where'er my lot is cast,  
Where'er my footsteps roam,  
If those I love are near to me,  
I feel that spot my home.









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## THE YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN.

Laura Sinclair was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her lessons except arithmetic.

"Oh, mother," she would exclaim, "this is arithmetic day. How I hate it."

"My daughter, do not make use of such expressions," said her mother. Nothing is wanting but attention and perseverance, to make that study as agreeable as any other. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and say you understand it, from want of energy to learn it, you will continue ignorant of important principles. I speak with feeling on this subject, for when I went to school, a fine arithmetician shared the same desk with me, and whenever I was perplexed by a difficult

sum, instead of applying to my teacher for an explanation, I asked Amelia to do it for me. The consequence is, that even now I am obliged to refer to others in the most trifling calculations. I expect much assistance from your perseverance, dear Laura," continued she, affectionately taking her hand.

Laura's eyes looked a good resolution, and she commenced the next day putting it in practice. Instead of being angry because she could not understand her figures, she tried to clear her brow to understand them better, and her tutor was surprised to find her mind rapidly opening to comprehend the most difficult rules. She now felt the pleasure of self-conquest, beside the enjoyment of her mother's approbation, and for many years steadily gave herself up to the several branches of mathematics.

Laura was the eldest of three children, who had been born to the luxuries of wealth.

Mr. Sinclair was a merchant of great respectability, but in the height of his supposed riches, one of those failures took place, which often occur in commercial transactions, and his affairs became suddenly involved. A nervous temperament and a delicate constitution, were soon sadly wrought on by this misfortune. Mr. Sinclair's mind, perplexed and harrassed, seemed sinking under the weight of anxiety. Laura was at this period sixteen years of age; her mind was clear and vigorous and seemed ready, like a young fawn, for its first bound.

One cold autumnal evening, the children with their wild gambols were playing around the room, while Mr. Sinclair sat leaning his head upon his hand over a table covered with papers. Mrs. Sinclair was busily employed in sewing, and Laura, with her fingers between the pages of a book, sat gazing at her father.

"Those children distract me," said Mr. Sinclair in a sharp accent.

"Hush Robert, come here Margaret," said Mrs. Sinclair gently; and she took one on her lap, and the other by her knee, and whispering to them a little story, calmed them to sleepiness and then put them to bed.

When Mrs. Sinclair had left the room, Laura laid down her book and stood by her father.

"Don't disturb me, child," said he roughly. "My head aches." Then recollecting himself, he took her hand and continued, "Do not feel hurt my dear; my mind is perplexed by these complicated accounts."

"Father," said Laura with a smile, "I think I can help you if you will let me try."

"You! my love," exclaimed her father, "why these papers would puzzle a wiser head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast, father," said Laura, modestly, but my teacher said to day,—” Laura hesitated.

"Well, what did he say?" asked Mr. Sinclair, encouragingly.

"He said," answered Laura, blushing deeply, "that I was a quicker accountant than most men of business; and I do believe father," continued she, earnestly, "that if you were to explain your papers to me, I could help you."

Mr. Sinclair smiled incredulously, but unwilling to check his daughter's wish for usefulness, he made some remarks and opened his ledger. Insensibly he found himself entering with her into the labyrinth of numbers. Mrs. Sinclair came in on tip-toe, and seated herself softly at the table to sew. The accounts became more and more complicated, but Mr. Sinclair seemed to gain energy under the clear quick eye



of his child; her unexpected sympathy inspired him with new powers. Hour after hour passed away, and his spirits rose at every chime of the clock.


“Wife,” said he suddenly, “if this girl gives me aid like this, I shall be in a new world to morrow.”

“My beloved child,” said Mrs. Sinclair, pressing Laura’s fresh cheek to her own.

Twelve o’clock struck before Laura left her father, when she commended herself to God and slept profoundly. The next morning, after seeking His blessing, she repaired to Mr. Sinclair, and sat by him day after day, until his books were faithfully balanced.

“Father,” said she, “you have tried me, and find me worth something; let me keep your books until you can afford a responsible clerk, and give me a little salary to buy shells for my cabinet.

Mr. Sinclair accepted the proposition. Laura's cabinet increased in beauty, and the finished female hand-writing in his books and papers, was a subject of interest and curiosity to his mercantile friends.



## THE NEW BOOTS.

Dear mother, come look at these beautiful  
boots,

Just hear what an elegant creak!  
I declare there's no word so sweet in the  
world,

As that which a new boot can speak.

Take care, sister Anna, don't come in my  
way,

Run further, you troublesome chit,—  
You would look at my boots? Oh very  
well, dear,

Come and see how completely they fit.

Why, really the child has a share of good  
taste,

Just see her admiring gaze!

Come, come, sister Nanny, and sit in my  
lap,

Little children have such pretty ways.

Pray mamma don't look anxiously down at  
my toes,

I assure you they don't hurt at all;  
They only *look* tight, as is often the case,  
I would not have bought them too small.

Young Loring and I chose our boots at  
one store,—

His foot is the size of my own;  
But really, mamma, he bought his so large,  
That he looks like a clown overgrown.

Hark! Toney is coming,—now don't say a  
word,

Just see how his white eyes will shine.  
Hear, Toney, my boy, what an elegant creak  
Proceeds from these new boots of mine!

Did you ever behold a fit more complete?

Why turn your big eyes to the wall?

"He new, and he bright, my young massa,  
for true,

And *pride neber feel pain at all.*"



## ST. NICHOLAS.

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

One Christmas eve, John Eggleston hung his stockings carefully by the chimney corner, and after saying his prayers, fell asleep.

John dreamed that he was in bed peeping at his stocking over the bed clothes, when he saw a very pleasant looking old gentleman come down the chimney on a nice little poney, precisely like one named Lightfoot, that his uncle Ben had promised to give him. It was funny, indeed, to see the poney slide down feet foremost, and John laughed out in his sleep ; but he laughed still louder when he examined old Nicholas, the rider.



His hair was made of squibs, and as he came nearer and nearer to the lamp that stood on the hearth, pop went off one of the crackers, and then another. St. Nick was not a bit frightened,—he only rubbed his ears with his coat sleeve, patted the poney to keep him quiet, and laughed till he shewed the concave of his great mouth full of sugar-plums.

John was excessively amused, and shouted so loud that his mother thought he had the nightmare. He watched the old gentleman closely, and then looked at his stocking. It hung very conveniently.

“He can’t put the poney in it,” said he to himself, “and that is a pity.”

The old gentleman’s pockets stuck out prodigiously, and he panted and puffed as if he had been cudgeling an alligator.

“Well,” said he, wiping the perspiration off his face, although it was cold December,

“if this is not hard work. Sixty-five youngsters have I called on the last hour. Hark! the clock sounds down the chimney, one, two; I shall have a tough job to pop down all the chimnies in the town before day-light. I wonder what this chap would like for a Christmas present,” continued he, eyeing the stocking; then putting his arms akimbo, he began to consider.

John’s heart beat.

“Good Mr. Nicholas,” said he to himself, “if you could only give me that poney.”

But he kept quite still, for he saw the old man thrust his hands into his tremendous pockets.

“Let me see,” says old Nicholas; “here is a jacknife that I was to have given to Tom Butler, if he had not quarreled with his sisters. *Hocus pocus!*” At this the stocking opened and in went the jack-knife.

It was the very thing John wanted.

Then the old man pulled from his pockets twine, tops, marbles, dissected maps, books, sugar-plums, and divers other notions, all the while talking to himself.

“This *lignum-vitæ* top,” said he, “is for Tim Barnwell, a clever chap who never tells lies. This line and fish-hook Master Troup must have, for his kind care of his father when he had the gout. This annual was for William Wiley, but the lad kicked his brother and called him a wicked name, so we will lay it by for Tom Trout.”

John thought he could stay forever to see the old gentleman take out his knick-knacks and tell whom they were for; but he began to be a little frightened for his own stocking, when he recollected that he had been remiss in his Latin the last quarter.

“I hope the old gentleman don’t understand the classics,” said John to himself; but he

stopped short, for his queer visiter held the stocking up to his nose, saying,

“I think this lad loves gunpowder, by the smell.”

He then took hold of his hair, and pulling out squibs by the dozen from his head, tied them up in parcels and threw them into the stocking. As fast as he pulled them off, new squibs appeared, and hung down over his ears and forehead.

“This accounts for the noise we hear on Christmas,” thought John. “I never knew before how squibs were made;” and he had to hold his sides for laughing, the old gentleman looked so droll.

As St. Nick was stooping over the light to put a new supply into the stocking, a great number exploded, and the little poney giving a start disappeared up chimney.

John awoke; it was just day-break. He sprang out of bed, roused all the family with

his "Merry Christmas," ran to the stable, and what should he see but uncle Ben's poney, with a bridle on his neck, on which was pinned a piece of paper written—

*"A merry Christmas, with the poney  
Lightfoot, for my nephew John."*









## THE TIGHT BOOTS.

Oh, mamma, I am mortified, hurt and ashamed,  
And scarce can look up in your face :  
Young Loring, who never could beat me before,  
Has beat me to-day in a race.

You laugh ! I would thank you ma' never  
to laugh  
As you do when I speak in this style ;  
I think I would sometimes prefer to be  
whipped,  
Than to see that half-comical smile.

Well, mamma, we were walking just out of  
the town,  
When Loring proposed we should run ;

You know what a fellow I am for a race,  
And I thought to have excellent fun.

So we started together, the boys looking on,  
My boots felt as tight as a vice;  
I hobbled and stumbled, just ready to fall,  
While Loring was off in a trice.

The boys shouted, "new boots, run new boots,  
hurra!"

Their ridicule went to my soul;  
I hopped like a turkey, and was not half way  
When Loring was safe at the goal.

My toes were all cramp'd, and my ankles  
were sore,  
And I made such a shocking grimace,  
That Loring, though he's such a gentleman,  
ma',  
Could not help laughing out in my face.


And big Billy Blackford took out his hair  
comb,

And said, as he sat on the grass,  
“Though your boots spoil your racing, they’ll  
serve a good turn,  
And answer right well for a glass.”

Pray hand me my old boots, dear ma’, if you  
please ;

And Toney, do *stretch* these a bit.  
No grinning, you rogue, they are scarcely too  
small ;

Just *stretch* them—I know they will fit.



## CINDERCLAWS.

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Susan Eggleston's fair cheek rested on her pillow, a few curls strayed from her night-cap, and her breathing was like the motion of a lily leaf on the smooth waters, when her mother went on tiptoe into her room, opened her stocking and placed something within it; then casting a look of satisfied fondness on the little sleeper, she touched her cheek with the lightest of kisses, and departed with a mother's prayer of love.

Susan dreamed that something descended slowly down the chimney, covered with a sooty blanket, from which proceeded a female voice, singing sweetly. When it had reached

the hearth, she observed four hooks let down by cords to the four corners of the blanket, which carefully drew it up chimney again, without scattering a cinder.

Under this singular canopy sat a small airy figure, in a glass barouche drawn by four peacocks, surrounded by numerous little attendants."

"It would be very strange," thought Susan, "if this pretty creature should be Cinder-claws."

The little lady in the barouche was holding with some difficulty a large wax doll, and as she fondly caressed it, her soft voice sang,—

"Hush thee, my darling,  
Thy journey was drear,  
But I bring you to Susan,  
And why should you fear?"

There was a short consultation among the attendants, when a little footman in scarlet

livery, let down the steps like a flash, and taking the lead of twenty others, bore with some difficulty and much wiping of brows, the doll to the stocking. Finding it impossible to get her in, they laid her on the toilet-table, and returned to the barouche with a flourish of little trumpets.

Another consultation followed, and the little people, darting about like fire-flies, began to display the contents of the barouche. Swan, fish, turkey and cat pin-cushions, thread-cases of all forms and colors, implements of industry, from the silver-eyed needle to the gold inlaid work-box, were successively unfolded, and, among other things, Susan distinguished a nice box of French sugar-plums. As the breath of Cinderclaws passed over them, every thing looked fresher and fairer.

Another whispering took place, and Susan heard the words,

“A dessert for Susan’s dinner-party.”



Quick as thought was arranged a small polished table, with plates for twelve. A taper, colored with rain-bow hues, suddenly shot up in the centre, by the side of an iced pyramid, on which was a waving flag, with the inscription,—

*“A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.”*

Fruits of every description, from the bead-like currant of the North, to the beautiful pomegranate of the South, were deposited in glass and silver dishes on the festive board.

“What are you placing there?” said Cinderclaws suddenly, as the waiters were busily arranging little decanters at the corners, and a tiny little cordial stand at the head of the table.

“A little French cordial,” answered one, consequentially.

A frown rose to the little brow of the fairy, like a thundercloud on the blue sky. She



rose suddenly, and stamping her small foot until the barouche rang again, exclaimed,

“How dare you do this? If men turn brutes with stimulants, leave at least temperance to the young. Bring here the poison,” she continued, her small voice shouting in worthy indignation, “bring it here, and away!”

With both hands she grasped the bottles, and dashing them successively on the hearth, shattered them to pieces, while the blushing liquid flowed around.

The awe-struck attendants looked down in shame. A low whistle sounded; the blanket slowly descended, enveloping the barouche; the peacocks spread their wings, and Susan heard departing voices chanting, as the fairy ascended,—

“Wake! wake! bonny birds,

’Tis the dawning of day;

We must flee from the city,—

Mount, mount, and away!”

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"Papa," said Susan as she caressed a beautiful doll he gave her before breakfast, "I dreamed last night that Cinderclaws belonged to the Temperance Society."

"I hope it is true," said her father.



## THE CHOICE OF FLOWERS.

## FATHER.

I love to walk at twilight  
When sunset nobly dies,  
And see the parting splendor  
That lightens up the skies,  
And call up old remembrances  
Deep, dim as evening gloom,  
Or look to heaven's promises  
Like star-light on a tomb.

## LAURA.

I love the hour of darkness  
When I give myself to sleep,  
And I think that holy angels  
Their watch around me keep.

My dreams are light and happy  
As I innocently lie,  
For my mother's kiss is on my cheek,  
And my father's step is nigh.


## MARY.

I love the social afternoon,  
When lessons all are said,  
Geography is laid aside  
And grammar put to bed ;  
Then a walk upon the battery  
With a friend is very sweet,  
And a seven pence for an ice-cream  
To give that friend a treat.

## MOTHER.

I love the Sabbath evening  
When my lov'd ones sit around,  
And tell of all their feelings  
By hope and fancy crowned,

And though some plants are missing  
In that sweetly thoughtful hour,  
I will not call them back again  
To earth's decaying bower.



## THE NEW SCHOLAR.

The first Monday of January, 1820, Master Richard Homespun, under the direction of his mamma, made the usual preparations for entering an academy in a Southern city of our Union. Richard was fourteen years old, and well grown; a fact particularly perceptible, as his tight sleeves only came to his wrist, and left his purple hands fully exposed to anatomical observation. Nature had been singularly bountiful to Richard in a thick bushy head; but like most over-grown populations, "each particular hair," could not have its due attention, and the whole mass stuck up in turbulent strength.

Richard's mamma had given him various directions on his journey, with regard to his deportment.

"Dicky, my dear," said she, "you must be careful when you go into school to hold up your head, and make your manners, or the boys will laugh at you."

Richard was a good son, and promised to bow, little thinking of the tremendous difference there is between the dodge of a country boy, and the sweeping curve of a city obeisance.

"And mind, Dicky dear," said his mamma, "keep your new hat safe, and don't get any dog-ears in your books, and when you open them do it softly, and don't break the covers; read so, my dear;" and Mrs. Homespun inserted her nose between the blue covers of a Spelling Book.

Richard was a smart boy, and had been one of the best students and kite-players



at a country school, but he felt in great trepidation at the idea of encountering so many strangers, beside having had hints of pumping and other school tricks. His mother kept him so long on Monday, arranging his collar, picking the threads off his jacket, and smoothing his new hat, that the exercises of the school had commenced before he entered.

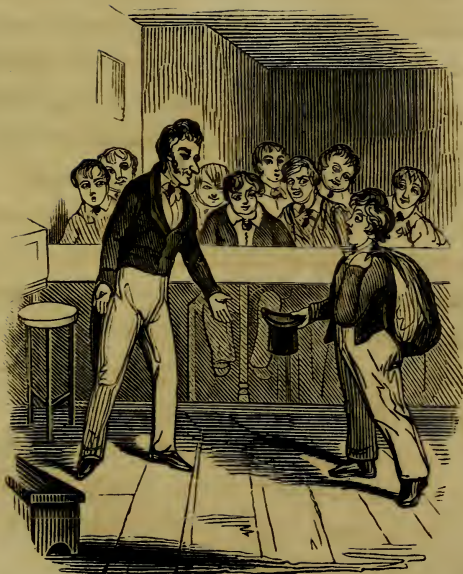
As soon as a new face, accompanied by the insignia of a satchel, appeared at the door, the school hum ceased, and every eye was fixed upon him. He took off his hat, and holding it straight before him, gave an agitated jerk with his head, and scraped his foot with a fling up backwards.

A smile, to say the least, spread over the young assembly. The principal, who saw the gathering commotion, advanced to his country catechumen, and seated him where

he would not be exposed to the observation of the scholars.

There are few scenes where a good heart and regulated understanding are more conspicuous, than in the ranks of a school on the introduction of a new pupil. Whatever may be his appearance, a perfectly well bred boy will welcome a school-mate to his new duties with politeness. Who does not remember the moment when he first entered the dreaded school-room; how anxiously he cast a glance around, to see if there were any who meant to respect and love him in that strange circle?

The principal of the seminary to which Richard was introduced, was generous and kind. He saw by the boy's bright eyes, that he was intelligent, though awkward. After the exercises of the morning were over, he called on the class in which Richard had entered to remain.



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“Young gentlemen,” said he, “allow me to introduce you to a new school-mate. He is a stranger, and will depend on you in some measure for happiness, now that he is away from his home. I hope that by your kindness you will make him feel that he is among friends.”

The boys looked a little disconcerted, for they had been planning a hoax; but better feelings prevailed. He was received, not as a butt, but as an equal, and they learned that kindness was better than fun.

Some of these very boys are now voting for Mr. Homespun as member to Congress.



## KEPT IN.

SUGGESTED BY WILLIS'S "SATURDAY AFTERNOON"

I hate to look on a scene like this,  
Of trouble and dismay,  
For it makes me feel a century old,  
And turns my locks to gray.  
It chills the blood in a woman's heart,  
And makes her pulses die,  
To catch the whine of a punished voice  
And the frown of a reddened eye.

Study on, study on, I am with you there,  
In the midst of your sobbing ring;  
I feel the thrill of the ferula's stroke  
And the rush of the strap's black wing;  
The fool's-cap topples over my head,  
And my face is turned to the wall,  
And my feet slip off from the dunce's bench,  
And I tremble lest I fall.

A REMONSTRANCE ABOUT THE DRUM-  
STICK.

It seems very strange, and I can't make it  
out,

Why the drumstick is given to me ;  
I think I deserve a nice part of the fowl,  
Yet forever the drumstick I see.

I pass the white meat to Miss Anderson's  
plate,

And old Mr. Rich takes the thighs ;  
The side-bones go off at a terrible rate,  
And the pinion to sister Ann flies.

If I were to count all the drumsticks I've had  
Since the pap spoon was taken away,  
And I've sitten at table with women and men,  
You would hardly believe what I say.



'Tis said that a part helps a part, and I'm  
sure

If that is the state of the case,  
I think I can enter before very long  
With "Bonnets of Blue" for a race.

I'm sure I'm not greedy, but really, papa,  
If you give me the drumstick again,  
Your son, in the place of a leg like your own,  
Will exhibit the shank of a crane.



## THE MAY-DAY WREATH.

Elvira Allen, a girl of extreme beauty, was receiving her education at a boarding school, where every possible attention was paid to her moral and religious as well as intellectual habits. But though intelligent and industrious, nothing could conquer her devotion to her own personal attractions. The good sense of her teachers had assisted in part to correct this fault of her character, but like all efforts that are not founded on religious principle, it sprang up at the spell of temptation.

A May-day celebration was to take place, and the school-girls were all in a glow of expectation. The day arrived, and a queen was to be chosen. Who should it be?

"It must be Ellen," said one. "How amiable and generous she is! Do you remember her assisting that old negro woman we met on the road yesterday, and giving her all her cake, while we ate ours?"

"Ah, but Jane must be queen," said Susan Harrison. "She is so lively that she will amuse us every moment while she is on her throne; and then she looks so grave all the time, and prims up her mouth while we are aching with laughter. Oh, I should love such a funny queen."

"I know she is very droll," said another, "but she is not a perfect scholar. Elizabeth Glen never missed a lesson. She ought to be queen."

"Oh, Elizabeth is too grave," said one. "I like Lucy Manson. She is very religious, but always cheerful, and trying to make others happy."

The argument ran quite high as each contended for her favorite, until Alice Matthews clapped her hands and exclaimed,—

“I know who will be a splendid queen,—Elvira Allen. How superbly she will look, sitting on her grassy throne with a wreath on her white forehead.”

The children, like other mortals, were fascinated by appearances, and Elvira was proclaimed queen by acclamation. She retired to her toilet, and the girls, after a little consultation, flocked to their teacher.

“Have the goodness,” they exclaimed, “to loan us the wreath you were showing Mrs. Lewis the other day. We wish Elvira to wear it for her crown.”

The consent was readily given. They rushed to Mrs. Warren’s dressing room, but the flowers were not there. Looking with disappointment at each other, they returned to their teacher with exclamations of regret.

The girls, preceded by Mrs. Warren, hastened to Elvira's room, to inform her of their intention and its failure, and consult on a substitute for the May-day crown.

They entered abruptly, and found Elvira resplendent in conscious beauty; her eyes had the color of Heaven, and its brightness; her form was graceful as the fringe tree, and her dress, arranged with a view to contrast and effect, was rich as a catalpa blossom. And what was that mantling glow upon her cheeks, deep as the last look the sun casts upon an evening sky? Envy her not, ye lovers of personal beauty. That glow was *guilt*; for twined among the ringlets of her glossy hair, was the wreath sought for by her young companions.

The withering truth fell at the same moment on every mind. At length Mrs. Warren, advancing to the culprit beauty, said, in a cold, stern voice,—



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“This wreath, Miss Allen, was to have been yours. Your playmates, proud of your personal attractions, thought that innocent blossoms would grace your lovely face. My heart is sick, Elvira; sick and sorrowful.” A large tear slowly rolled over her cheek as she spoke, and the girls sobbed aloud.

“Keep the wreath, unhappy child,” she continued, as Elvira tore it from her hair, “it may be a warning to you.”

The May-day was passed in sadness and tears.



## THE FLIGHT OF THE MUSKOGEE INDIAN.

On the shore of Carolina an Indian warrior  
stood,

A captive of the Shawanees, and reddened  
with their blood;

Strange arts of varied torture his conquerors  
tried in vain;

Like a rock that stands the billows he dashed  
them off again.

He shouted, and the echo returned the length-  
ened shriek,

“I have rent you as the eagle rends the dove  
within his beak,

And ye give me women’s tortures ; see, I lightly  
cast them by,

As the Spirit of the storm-cloud throws the  
vapor from the sky.”

“Ye are women!” the wild echo came wilder  
on the air—

“*I* will show a worthy trial for a Muskogee  
to bear ;

Let me grasp a heated gun in this raw and  
bloody hand,

And ye shall not see an eyelash move to shame  
my father-land.”

They gave the glowing steel. He took it  
with a smile,

And held it as a plaything ;—they stood in  
awe the while ;

Then, springing like an antelope, he bran-  
dished it around,

And toward the beetling eminence\* upstarted  
with a bound.

One leap and he is over ! fierce, dashing  
through the stream,

---

\*A bluff near Augusta, ninety feet high.

And his massy form lies floating 'neath the  
clear and sunny beam ;

A hundred arrows sped at once, but missed  
that warrior bold,

And his mangled arms, ere set of sun, his little  
ones enfold.



## THE PLANTATION.

A BALLAD.

## PART FIRST.

Farewell, awhile, the city's hum,  
Where busy footsteps fall,  
And welcome to my weary eye,  
The Planter's friendly Hall.

Here let me rise at early dawn,  
And list the mock-bird's lay,  
As warbling near our lowland home  
He waves the bending spray ;

Then tread the shading avenue,  
Beneath the Cedar's gloom,  
Or Gum tree with its flickering shade,  
Or Chinquapen's perfume.

The Myrtle tree, the Orange wild,  
The Cypress' flexile bough,  
The Holly, with its polish'd leaves,  
Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,  
The rich Magnolia stands,  
And here in softer loveliness,  
The white bloom'd Bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully;  
Idly I twine its wreaths,  
Or stop to catch the fragrant air  
The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around—the Red Bird darts  
Like flame from tree to tree;  
The Whip-poor-will complains alone,  
The Robin whistles free.

The frighten'd Hare scuds by my path,  
And seeks the thicket nigh;

The Squirrel climbs the Hickory bough,  
And peeps with careful eye.

The Humming-bird with busy wing  
In rainbow beauty moves;  
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,  
And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon wither'd pine,  
The soaring Eagle flies,  
There builds her eyrie 'mid the clouds,  
And man and heaven defies.

The hunter's bugle echoes near,  
And see, his wary train  
With mingled howlings scent the woods,  
Or scour the open plain.

Yon skiff is darting from the cove;  
And list the negro's song,  
The theme, his owner and his boat,  
While glide the crew along.



And when the leading voice is lost,  
Receding from the shore,  
His brother boatmen swell the strain,  
In chorus with the oar.

There stands the dairy on the stream,  
Within the broad oak's shade,  
The white pails glitter in the sun,  
In rustic pomp array'd.

And she stands smiling at the door,  
Who *minds* that *milky way*;  
She smooths her apron as I pass,  
And loves the praise I pay.

Welcome to me her sable hands,  
When, in the noontide heat,  
Within the polish'd calabash  
She pours the pearly treat.

The poulterer's feather'd tender charge  
Feed on the grassy plain;

Her Afric brow lights up with smiles,  
Proud of her noisy train.

Nor does the herdsman view his flock  
With unadmiring gaze;  
Significant are all their names,  
Won by their varying ways.

Forth from the Negro's humble huts  
The laborers now have gone;  
But some remain, diseased and old—  
Do they repine alone?

Ah, no ! The nurse, with practic'd skill,  
That sometimes shames the wise,  
Prepares the herb of potent power,  
And healing aid applies.

While seated at his hut's low door,  
The convalescent slave  
Gazes upon his garden store,  
And sees the young corn wave.

On sunny banks his children play,  
Or wind the fisher's line,  
Or with the dexterous fancy-braid,  
Their willow baskets twine.

Long ere the sloping sun departs,  
The laborers quit the field,  
And housed within their sheltering huts,  
To careless quiet yield.

But see yon wild and lurid clouds,  
That rush in contact strong;  
And hear the thunder, peal on peal,  
Reverberate along.

The cattle stand and mutely gaze;  
The birds instinctive fly,  
While forked flashes rend the air,  
And light the troubled sky.

Behold yon sturdy forest pine,  
Whose green top points to Heaven.

A flash! its firm, encasing bark,  
By that red shock is riven!

But we, the children of the south,  
Shrink not with trembling fears;  
The storm familiar to our youth,  
Will spare our ripen'd years.

We know its fresh reviving charm,  
And, like the flower and bird,  
Our looks and voices, in each pause,  
With grateful joy are stirr'd.

And now the tender rice up-shoots,  
Fresh in its hue of green,  
Spreading its emerald carpet far  
Beneath the sunny sheen.

Though when the softer ripen'd hue  
Of autumn's changes rise,  
The rustling spires instinctive lift  
Their gold seeds to the skies.

There the young cotton plant unfolds  
Its leaves of sickly hue,  
But soon advancing to its growth,  
Looks up with beauty too.

And as midsummer suns prevail,  
Upon its blossoms glow  
Commingle hues, like sunset rays—  
Then bursts its sheeted snow.

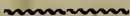
How shall we fly this lovely spot,  
Where rural joys prevail,  
The social board, the eager chase,  
Gay dance and merry tale?

Alas! our youth must leave their sports  
When spring-time ushers May;  
Our maidens quit the planted flower,  
Just blushing into day;

Or, all beneath yon rural mound,  
Where rest th' ancestral dead,

By mourning friends, with sever'd hearts,  
Unconscious will be led.

Oh, Southern summer, false and fair!  
Why from thy loaded wing,  
Blent with rich flowers and fruitage rare,  
The seeds of sorrow fling ?



## PART SECOND.

## THE OVERSEER'S CHILDREN.

Three fleeting years have come and gone  
Since Ann Pomroy I met,  
Returning from the district school,  
Ere yet the sun was set.

With her, her brother Francis stray'd,  
And, both in merry tone,  
Were saying all the rambling things  
Youth loves when tasks are done.

The mountain tinge was on their cheeks;  
From fair Vermont they came,  
For wandering habits led their sire  
A Southern home to claim.

Fresh with the airy spring of youth  
They tripp'd the woods along;  
Now darting off to cull a flower,  
Now bursting into song.

Oh, Ann Pomroy, thy sparkling eye  
Methinks I often see,  
When some young face, in loveliness,  
Beams up in smiles to me.

And when light rounds of boyish mirth  
Laugh out uncheck'd by fear,  
It seems to me that Francis' voice  
Is floating on my ear.

I said the hue of health they bore,—  
Hers was the nect'rine fair,



And his the deep pomegranate tinge,  
That boys of beauty wear.

They walked at early morn and eve,  
And as I yearly paid  
My visit to the Planter's Hall,  
I saw the youth and maid.

At first, by simple accident  
I came upon their walk;  
But soon I loved to pause, and seek  
The privilege of talk—

Until my steps were daily turn'd,  
But how I scarce can say,  
When Ann and Francis came from school,  
To meet them on the way.

They told me of New England hills,  
Of orchards in the sun,  
Of sleigh-rides with the merry bells,  
Of skating's stirring fun;

And sometimes of a grave they spake,  
And then would sadder grow,  
In which a gentle mother slept  
Beneath the wintry snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

When April's changing face was seen,  
Again from town I flew,  
To where the sleep of nature wakes  
To sights and odors new.

All things were fair,—the plants of earth  
Look'd upward to the sky,  
And the blue heaven o'er-arched them still  
With clear and glittering eye.

I sought the walk I used to seek,  
And took the little store  
Of toys, that from the city's mart  
For Ann and Frank I bore.

A rustling in the leaves I heard,  
But Francis *only* came ;

His eye was dim, his cheek was pale,  
And agues shook his frame.

He saw me—to my open arms  
With sudden gladness sprang;  
Then raised a thrilling cry of grief,  
With which the forest rang.

Few words he spake, but led me on  
To where a grave-like mound,  
With young spring plants and evergreens,  
In rural taste were crown'd.

And there he stood, while gushing tears  
Like summer rain-drops came,  
And heavings, as a troubled sea,  
Went o'er his blighted frame.

I did not ask him *who* was there;  
I felt that Ann was gone;  
Around his drooping neck I hung,  
And stood like him forlorn.

“I soon shall die,” the mourner said;  
“Here will they make my grave,  
And over me the Cedar trees  
And moaning Pines will wave.

None then will come to tend the flowers  
That blossom o’er her bed;  
None sing for her the twilight dirge,  
When I am with the dead.

I can not join the school-boy sports;  
My head and heart are sad;  
When Ann is in her silent grave,  
Oh, how can I be glad?

And when I say my studied tasks,  
Or gain the once-loved prize,  
I weep, and softly pray to Heaven  
To lay me where she lies.”

I kiss’d his pale and suffering brow,  
By early sorrows riven;

I talk'd to him of her he lov'd,  
And rais'd his thoughts to Heaven.

And when the call of duty came,  
To take me from his side,  
He told me, with a sickly smile,  
“’Twas best that Ann had died.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Another annual season roll'd  
Its cares and joys along—  
Again I sought the country's charms,  
Deep woods and caroll'd song.

And there I found two silent graves  
Amid the vernal bloom—  
I ne'er shall see those forms again,  
'Till Heaven unseals the tomb.

Oh, Southern summer, false and fair,  
Why, on thy loaded wing,  
Blent with rich flowers and fruitage rare,  
The seeds of sorrow bring?

## THE OLD FROCK.

Mrs. Alger and her daughter were sitting together one morning in the holidays, sewing.

Jane sighed. "Why do you sigh?" asked her mother.

"Because, mamma," said she, with a slight blush, "I cannot go to Miss Warrington's party."

"Why not, dear?" said Mrs. Alger.

"Because, mamma," said Jane, "I have worn my party dress so many times, that I am ashamed of it."

"Is it soiled, Jane?" asked her mother.

"No, mamma," said Jane.

"Is it injured in any way?" continued Mrs. Alger.

"No, mamma," said Jane.

“Why do you object to wearing it then?” inquired her mother.

Jane blushed very deeply, and tears came into her eyes as she answered, “Oh, mamma, when I went to Mrs. Anderson’s, the other evening, Miranda Warren whispered loud enough for me to hear, to a young lady who stood near her, “there comes Miss *Onefrock!*” and here Jane let her work fall from her hand, and laying her head on the table, sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Alger paused until the violence of Jane’s feelings had subsided.

“Is Miss Warren a very superior girl?” said she, calmly.

“Not that I know of, mamma; but she has every thing elegant to wear. Her frocks are of the nicest materials, and she seldom wears the same to two parties in succession; but I should not mind that, mamma; she might wear the dress of a Princess, and I would



not envy her, but I cannot bear to know that she ridicules me; I can not, can not bear it," said Jane.

"I am sorry, my dear child," replied her mother, "that I am unable to consult your taste and feelings, and give you a new frock, because you generally try to please me, and I would willingly gratify you; but I can not afford it. You must dress according to my means."

"I think, then, mamma," said Jane, "I had best give up society."

"I am indifferent about your attending parties, Jane, and you may consult your own feelings; but I should regret to have you give them up on account of *dress*. Now tell me honestly, do you think Miss Warren happier than other girls?"

"Perhaps not," said Jane; "I cannot think it happiness to put every thing in a ridiculous point of view. Most of her conversation

is ridicule. She seems to see what is *wrong* and not what is *right*. Rosalie Withers, her cousin, is so different. She is just as rich, and dresses quite as tastefully; but she looks as pleasant upon a plain dress on others, as she would upon the richest jewels."

"Why not cultivate Rosalie's society then," said her mother, "and avoid Miranda's?"

"Oh, mamma," said Jane, "because Miranda is so amusing. She has such a droll way of mimicing people, and talking about them, that one can not help laughing, even when one does not approve of it."

"You confess, then, my daughter, that *you* have listened and laughed, when Miranda has ridiculed others?"

Jane looked down.

"Do you perceive much difference between a person who ridicules another, and one who enjoys the joke?"

"I confess," said Jane, "I have been amused by Miranda's wit very often."

"You deserve, then," said her mother, with some severity, "to be ridiculed by her. But I do not wish to continue this subject. It is entirely out of my power to make frequent changes in your dress. If you wish to go into society with a modest, social spirit, simple in your costume, and amiable in your manners, society will not hurt you; but if your object is display, I would rather see you clothed in homespun by the chimney corner."









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